

“My Name” by Ryan Schey

Where I used to work, my name was a bread, with a bitter taste and a bite. It’s supposed to go with ham and cheese, but I’ve never been a fan. Seeds cover the crust and fall to the floor with every bite, swept up with a minimum wage broom. I wonder what will be sown now. What will grow in the classroom?

In Cleveland, they say my name with their noses. It reverberates in the sinuses instead of rolling off a tongue. In Columbus, in Texas, in California, in Turkey, in Ireland, in Mexico, they didn’t get that. They pronounced the sounds of the letters, but they didn’t say my name.

Traveling, I met so many people, but they never really knew me.

At school, my name is formal. It sounds like my dad, or maybe my grandpa, but not me yet.. So stiff and sharp with its foreign syllables, an odd title stolen from an office door plaque. At home, my name has room to breathe, to sprawl on the couch and kick its feet up. Picked up by others, tossed around, cut down to size or exaggerated beyond belief.

My name makes noise. It can even have a certain music, depending on my mood.

Sometimes loud and sometimes soft. At times, dissonant while at others melodic, with chords and current crashing together.

My name is short and simple. Direct and maybe impersonal. A deep full color that soaks up what’s left behind. I don’t wish for another name, because this one is me. I’d only like if I could have others around still to share what it’s come to mean.